

THE HOME DECORATOR AND COLOR GUIDE

BY ROCKWELL KENT

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
SEMI-LUSTRE
washable finish

Cream Gray | Ivory | Cream Gray | Orange

Ivory White | Silver Gray | Caen Stone | Orchid | Chinese Red

Cream | Taupe | Warm Beige

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
ENAMELOID
quick-drying enamel

Carmine

Canary Yellow | Orchid | Blossom Pink | Old Ivory | Blue

Buff | Light Pink | Cream | Canary Yellow | Killarney Green

Pale Green

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
FLAT TONE
WALL PAINT

Canary Yellow | Taupe | Lettuce Green

Bright Sage | Light Green | Buff | French Gray | Milan Green

Poudre Blue
Also White.

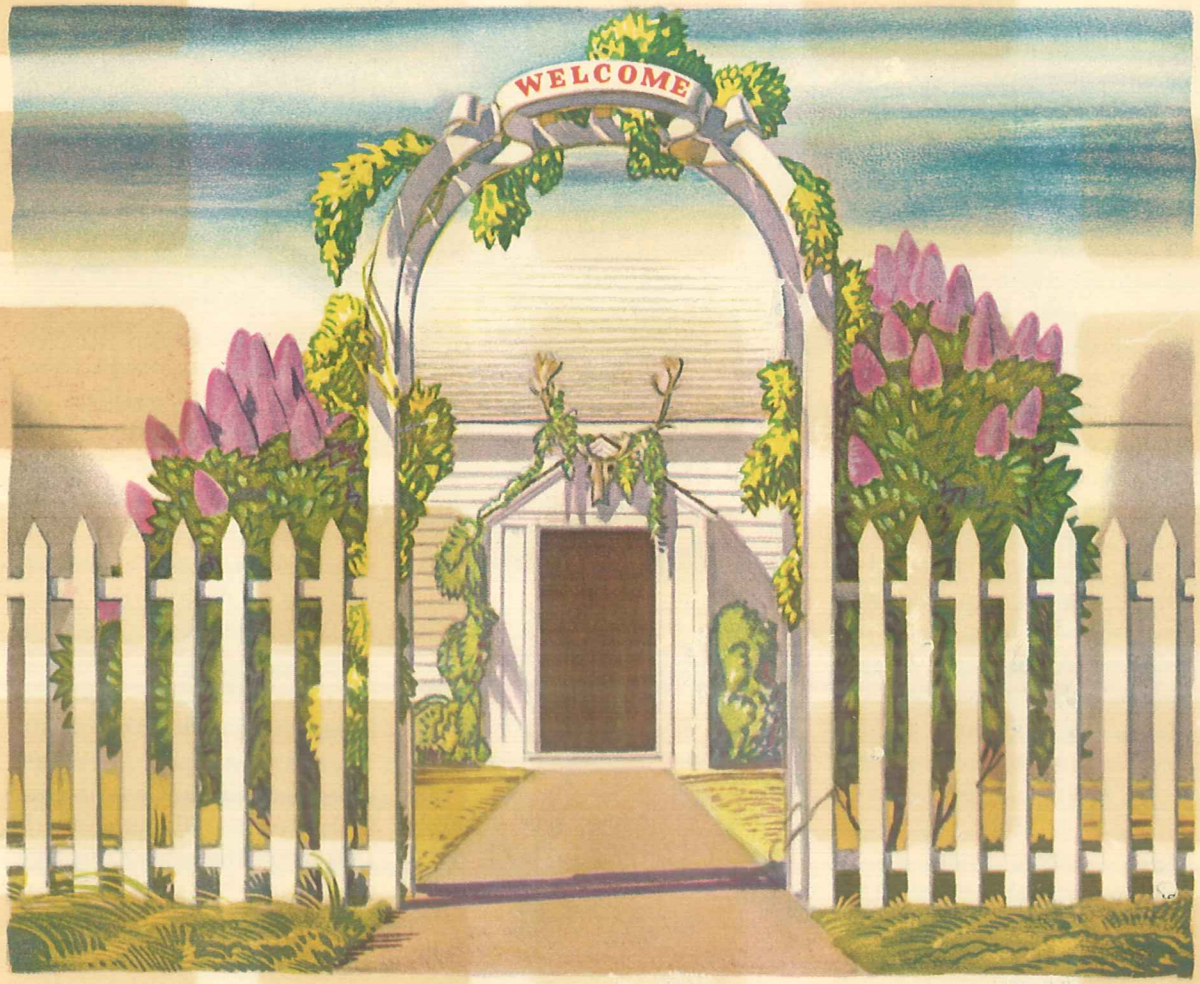
Pale Jade
Also White, Ivory Tan, Silver Gray, Laurel Green and Cinnamon Brown.

Light Blue

Pastel Blue
Also White, Black, Jade, Platinum and Medium Brown.

Orchid

Above are only a few of the many colors available — ask for complete color cards.



HALF of the lives of most of us are spent at home. And HOME is what "the woman" makes the house we live in be. Good architecture, good taste in decoration, may be reduced to this: A good house is a house where people can be happy.

What a lot of stuff and nonsense is being talked and written about taste! One year the fashion experts would have us all be "early Americans." Sit primly in uncomfortable, straight backed chairs, eat nonchalantly with our legs all tangled in a forest of gate-legs; and go leaping around the house—like Eliza crossing the ice—from braided mat to mat. No sooner had we mastered that technique, than they switched us to Victorian: with that, a lot of us were "not amused." Why, there was even a time—but that was long ago—when they were all for having us go "Mission"! (It was about then, I believe, that the Powerful Katrinka became a national heroine.) Maybe the funniest campaign was the drive to make us scrap our wooden furniture for chromium plated pipe and glass. What! (I speak now for myself) throw out our home-made, great plank dining table that for fifteen years has stood up

COPYRIGHT 1939—THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.—PRINTED IN U. S. A.

under family feasts, and games, and pounding fists in argument? Banish our handy little white oak, woven - swamp - ash - bottomed chairs that twenty years of sun and rain and furnace heat and tilting smokers haven't sprung? Not on your life! It's something—maybe—to be smart and modern; but happiness comes first. And of happiness the prescription lies all but hidden in that old cliché: "I don't know anything about art but I know what I like."

In art (what kind of house we live in, how that house is furnished, decorated, what pictures we will hang upon our walls, what books are on our shelves, what music we will hear), in life (what we will do, how live, what friends we'll have), in art and life let's find out what we like; and by all power inherent in us, *get* it. And having gotten it, take care of it.

Get it—take care of it. If I were wise in human relations I would tell—for I want this little book to be of use—how to make marriage last and friendship grow; how be the perfect host. If I knew more about art and music and literature than merely what I liked, I might be foolish enough to say what others should like. But about life in general I may venture this — this from my heart: First, own a house. Then make that house be HOME.

The making of a home (incidentally the most difficult and most important business of life), having, in practice and wisely, been allotted to women, a man may hardly venture to say more than what he fancies; and, when he gets it, pay for it.



It is in such a reticent spirit that I have made the water colors and assembled the photographs that fill this book. They are not meant to be examples of what in any absolute sense is best in architecture and decoration. Some of them are of houses that I'd like to live in; some, that I'd like to visit; all are houses that I'd like to see. They suit, in varying degree, my fairly average taste. That average taste in houses may be summed up as follows: Houses that are unpretentious; that fit their regional environment and site; houses that are well groomed—for in houses too, cleanliness, outside and in, is next to godliness; order within—but not such order as invites constraint; integrity in everything so that, for good or bad, the house will mirror those who live in it; comfort and convenience in furnishings; and such harmony and taste in the decorative scheme as, like quiet music, will bring peace to the spirit.

Being a painter by profession and one who in his work employs color for effect, I have shown a few color schemes that might, in their right place, be good to live with. But every room presents its own problem. Elements of the problem are the room's exposure — North, East, South or West — its size, its use, and, first and last, what you who live there like. So intimately personal is everything that has to do with the home, that even the most experienced of home decorators should do no more than help those less experienced to find themselves. Toward that end, the houses shown in this book may help a little, the color charts will help a lot, while the painting instructions printed on the last page of the book may be accepted, kept, and followed as the gospel of good practice in painting.

There is an old Dutch proverb: "Good Paint costs nothing." This is no more true in Holland, where outside woodwork must be painted against North Sea fog, than in America where, looks aside, we must protect our houses against the endless devastating cycle of the seasons' elements. "Good Paint costs nothing"? Let the Dutch say that. Here in America we say: "Paint pays."

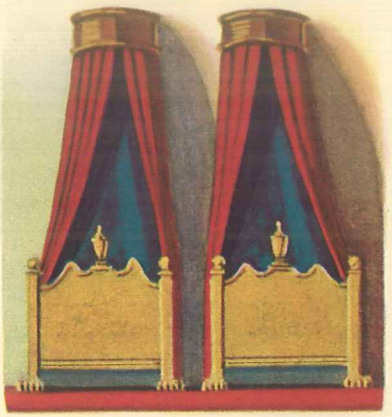


AS YOU MAKE YOUR BED

so—the proverb runs—must you lie in it. And that I did—and how!—and what a sort of nobleman I hold myself in consequence to be, let the following most intimate confession show.

Many years ago I met, here in America, a splendid fellow, a German, who said to me: "When you go to my country, come and visit me". In due time I did go abroad, and, with just a wired warning, travelled to Bremen, the city of my friend, and was driven to a house that by its situation, size, and splendour proclaimed itself to be exactly what in fact it was: a palace. There were: a marble foyer with a marble floor, marble columns and a monumental marble stairway; there were marble statues everywhere. It was magnificent. "Gee!", I thought, "I wouldn't spend my life here for the world!" And no one asked me to.

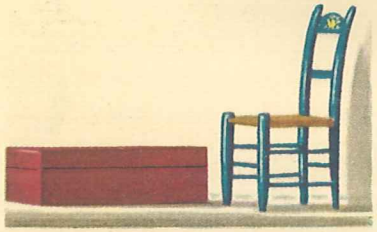
After conducting me through one luxurious suite after another, my hostess led me to the last and most magnificent of all. "Here," she said, as I stared popeyed at its regal splendour, "here is where the King of Bulgaria sleeps when he visits us". "May I sleep in the King's bed?"



I blurted out. "Why, of course", she said sweetly, "if you'd like to". "But in which of the two beds did he sleep?" "I don't know", she answered, "but you may sleep in one bed one night and in the other bed the next". And so I did. And by virtue of that, I now proclaim myself to be *the man who has slept in the bed of the King of Bulgaria!*

I have slept in the bed of the King of Bulgaria and I have slept in warm reindeer skins on the hard ice of the frozen arctic sea. Tents, caves, shacks, lean-to's, barns, abandoned tenements; old wrecks of houses, brand new houses, little houses, big ones, clear up the scale to palaces—and down again. Where it has been my right to fix such dwelling places up—if only for a transient stay—to fix them, make them be like home, I have. That's been a passion of my life. And if I were to declare which home of those I've had I've loved the most, I'd say: the one that's still unfinished.

Who of us, looking back to childhood, doesn't recall the houses that we built of chairs and tables hung about with shawls? How wonderful it was

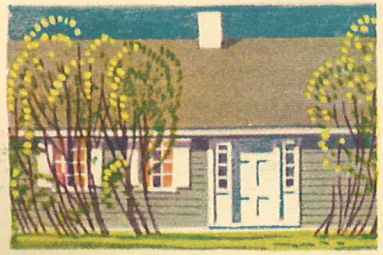


Enameloid Chinese Red and Blue

to crawl into them, close the door, and sit there all cramped up, breathing their fetid air in glamorous twilight! Our parent's home was for a time in life, to us, a vast, impersonal world. We built to shut it out, as later in a larger world we were to build those refuges from the impersonal and vast which we call HOME. "The child is father of the man". And though our memories of early childhood fail us, we may believe that much of what we adults are derives from them.

Houses of shawls, houses of old boards and sacks and flattened out tin cans, tree houses, back-yard houses, houses hollowed out of leafy thickets, igloos of snow: each house we children built, because we'd built it as we children wanted it to be, was for a time—an hour or a day, a week, a year—more HOME to us than any spot on earth.

S.W.P. Silver Gray and White



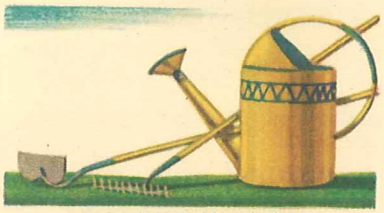
Through that intention, always, will the house we've built ourselves be HOME.

I had precious little money when, grown up and through with school and all of that, I decided to have a house of my own. But land was cheap in those days down in Maine. I bought a hillside lot. "It starts here at this alder bush", said the man who sold it to me, "and runs sort of down hill to about that old tree". I drove my stakes. I drew my plan.



Enameloid Sunny Yellow and Blue

Living room (a house begins with that)—and Living Rooms to me meant kitchen, dining room and studio—Living Room 12′ x 16′; Bed Room, 6′ x 8′; Vestibule (for winters on a Maine island are cold), 4′ x 6′; and a wood shed. I drew my plan; I bought my lumber. And I hired a man to build it. "You'll start Monday?", I asked—for I'm always in a hurry for things. "You bet", he said. But he didn't start Monday. Nor the next Monday. Nor the next, nor ever. So that at last I got so fed



Enameloid Gold and Blue

up with his delays that I said to thunder with him, and built the house myself. Thus I became a carpenter.

When winter came the house was all finished except the foundation (I'd propped it up on locust posts), the shingles on the outside walls, the lath and plaster on the inside, and the ceilings. In short, it was ready to live in. I did live in it; and since then I have come to know the arctic and describe its winters as extremely mild. Yes, it was cold. Yet the 2′ x 3′ cook stove did yield a gentle warmth to a restricted area; the lamp light at night looked warm; and my red calico curtains transmuted cold daylight into a glow as grateful to me as had been the little old red shawl house of my earliest memory.

It was but an incident, though at the time a trying one, that next spring up marched the formidable widow Albee and showed me that my house stood

(Continued On Page 21)

Enameloid Flame Red and White





Walls and Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Delft Blue. Window Sash: S-W Enameloid White.—Color Photo Courtesy McCall's

Above—Walls: S-W Flat Tone Canary Yellow. Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Cream Gray. Woodwork: S-W Woodcraft Stain.—Color Photo Courtesy The American Home.
Below: Walls: S-W Flat Tone Laurel Green. Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Ivory. Trim: S-W Enameloid Old Ivory. Baseboard: S-W Enameloid Milan Green—Color Photo Courtesy The American Home



Above—Walls: S-W Flat Tone Ivory Tan. Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Ivory. Woodwork: S-W Mar-not Varnish—Color Photo Courtesy McCall's. Below—Walls: S-W Flat Tone Light Blue. Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Silver Gray and White (equal parts). Trim and Baseboard: S-W Enameloid White. Alcove Wall: S-W Flat Tone White. Floor: S-W Mar-not Varnish—Color Photo Courtesy Woman's Home Companion





Walls: S-W Flat Tone Cactus Green and Cream Gray (equal parts). Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone White. Door: S-W Enameloid White.—Color Photo Courtesy Better Homes and Gardens





Above Left—Walls: S-W Flat Tone Burgundy. Trim: S-W Enameloid Old Ivory. Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Ivory. Above Right—Walls: S-W Flat Tone White. Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Silver Gray. Trim: S-W Enameloid White. Below—Walls and Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Caen Stone. Trim: S-W Enameloid Platinum. Inside Cabinet: S-W Enameloid Robins Egg (mixture). Floor: S-W Mar-not Varnish.



Above—Walls: S-W Flat Tone Thistle. Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Ivory. Trim: S-W Enameloid Rose Tan. Floors: S-W Mar-not Varnish. Below—Walls: S-W Flat Tone Delft Blue. Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Ivory. Door and Trim: S-W Enameloid White.—Color Photo Courtesy Woman's Home Companion

Above—Walls: S-W Flat Tone White. Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Warm Beige. Alcove Border: S-W Enameloid Bokhara (mixture). Woodwork: S-W Enameloid White trimmed with Bokhara (mixture)—Color Photo Courtesy Ladies Home Journal. Below—Walls: S-W Flat Tone Laurel Green. Ceiling: S-W Flat Tone Cream Gray. Trim and Dado: S-W Enameloid Canary Yellow. Bookcase: S-W Enameloid Milan Green.



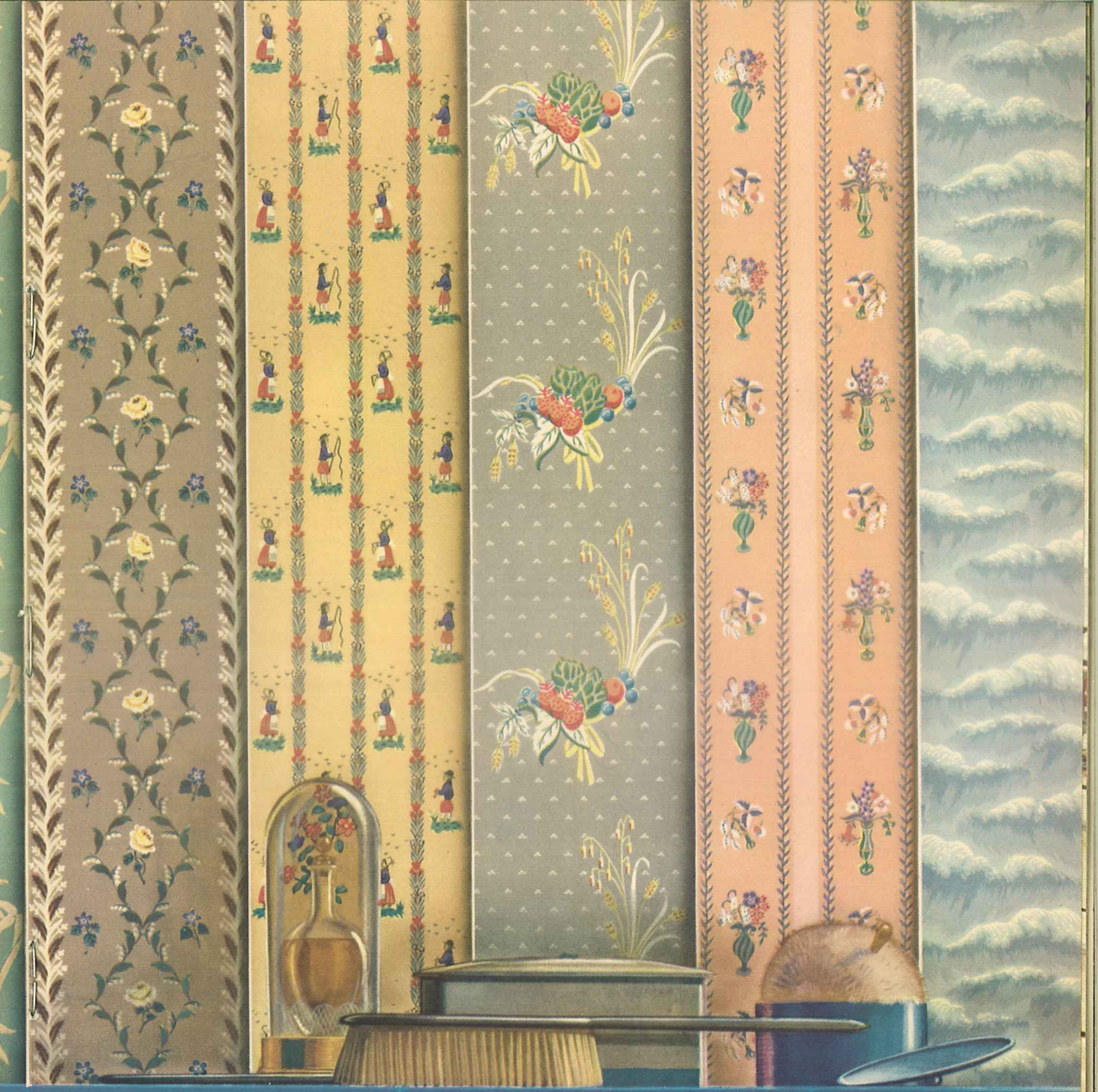
lls and Ceiling: S-W Semi-Lustre White. Cabinets and Furniture: S-W Enameloid White. Trim: S-W Enameloid Chinese Red.—Color Photo Courtesy Ladies Home Journal


IMPERIAL
Washable
WALLPAPERS
When you choose wallpaper, let your personal preference be your guide. Then you can be sure that your surroundings will always be in good taste. And when your choice is made from these and the thousand additional patterns in our stock, you enjoy the additional benefit of selecting from an assortment of the latest authentic designs and correct, subtle colorings. All Imperial Washable Wallpapers are guaranteed washable and fast-to-light.
—Drawings by Rockwell Kent
SALA-MINA
N by E
VOYAGING
WILDERNESS
ROCKWELL KENT
WALLPAPERS
PATTERN No 90212
PATTERN No 90542
PATTERN No 90452
PATTERN No 90085
PATTERN No 905



IN EVERY STYLE

PATTERN No 90572 PATTERN No 90131 PATTERN No 70483 PATTERN No 90121 PATTERN No 90062



FOR EVERY ROOM

PATTERN No 90093 PATTERN No 90662 PATTERN No 90431 PATTERN No 90293 PATTERN No 90411



TO EVERY TASTE

PATTERN No 80581 PATTERN No 90361 PATTERN No 90201 PATTERN No 90222 PATTERN No 90231



Walls and Ceiling: S-W Semi-Lustre Pale Green and White (equal parts). Trim: S-W Enameloid Ivory.—Color Photo Courtesy Successful Farming

Above—Walls: S-W Interior Gloss Light Delphinium Blue. Ceiling: S-W Interior Gloss Ivory. Shelving: S-W Enameloid Canary Yellow trimmed with Carmine. Floor: S-W Floor Enamel Blue (mixture). Below Left—Walls and Cabinets: S-W Semi-Lustre Silver Gray and White (equal parts). Ceiling: S-W Semi-Lustre Canary Yellow. Trim: S-W Enameloid Blue. Below Right—Walls and Ceiling: S-W Semi-Lustre White. Cabinets: S-W Enameloid Old Rose (mixture).





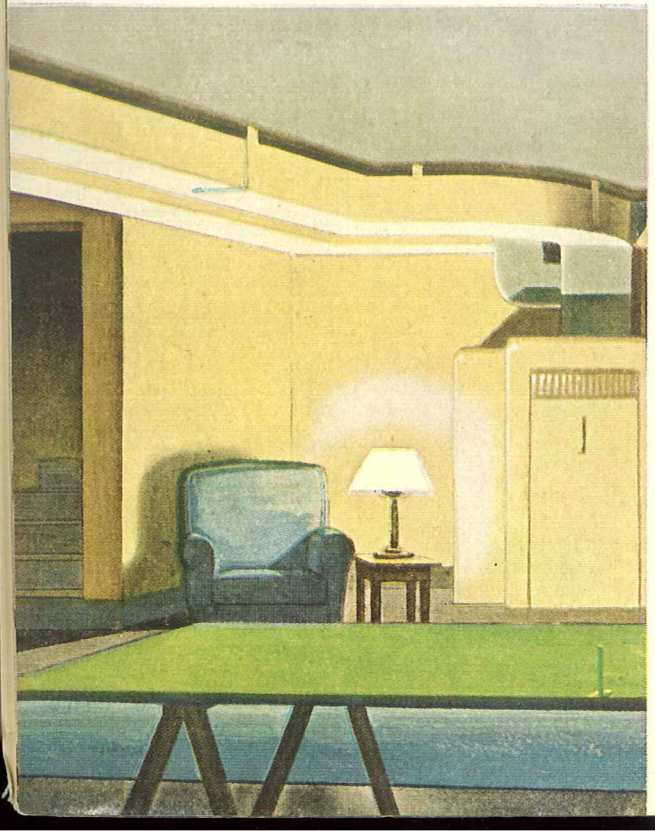


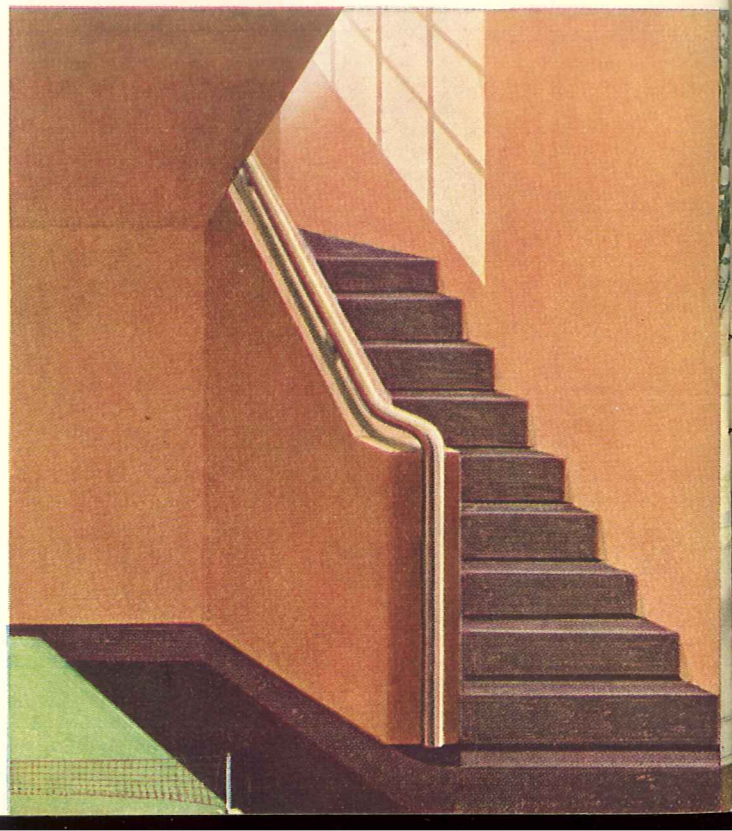
Walls: S-W Semi-Lustre Light Pink and Ivory White (equal parts). Ceiling and Alcove: S-W Interior Gloss Light Delphinium Blue. Trim: S-W Semi-Lustre Ivory White.

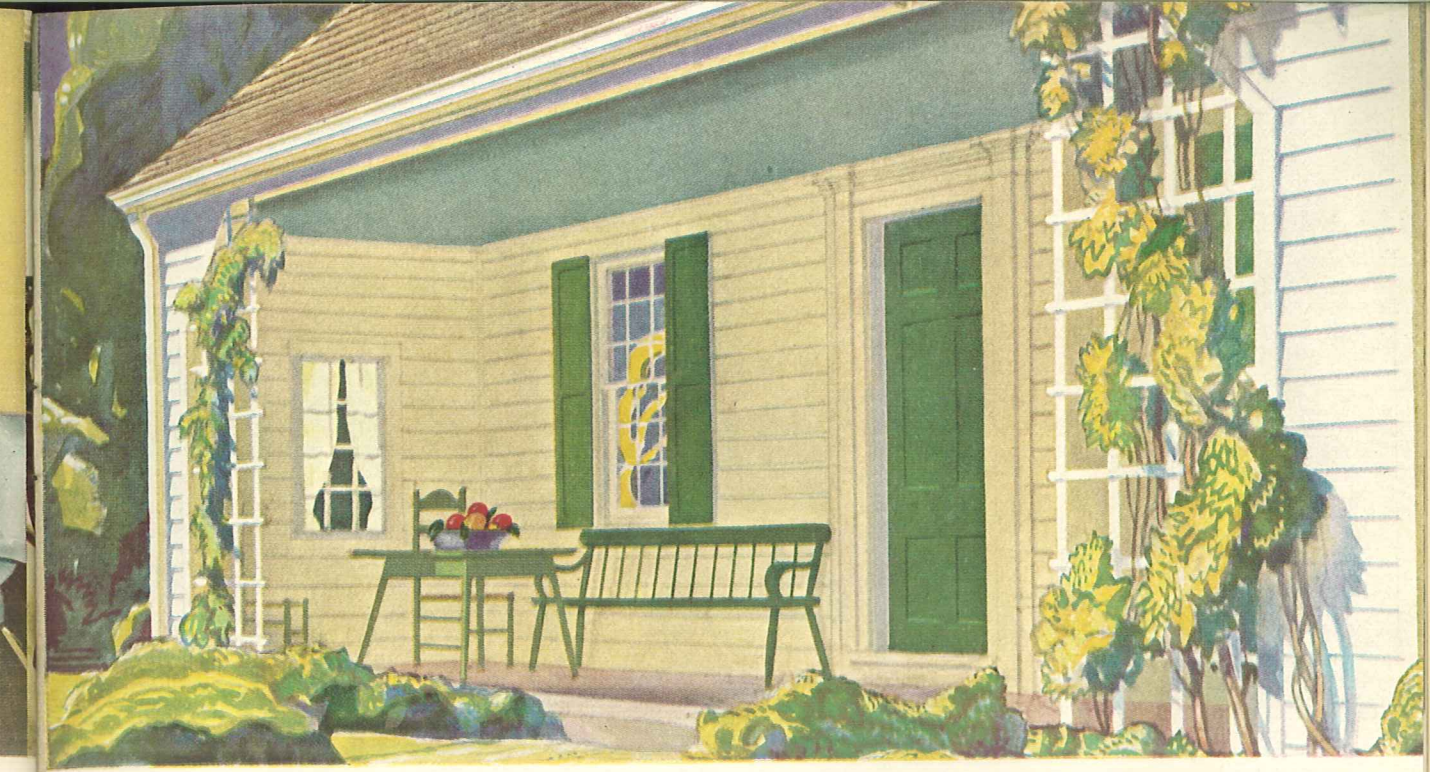




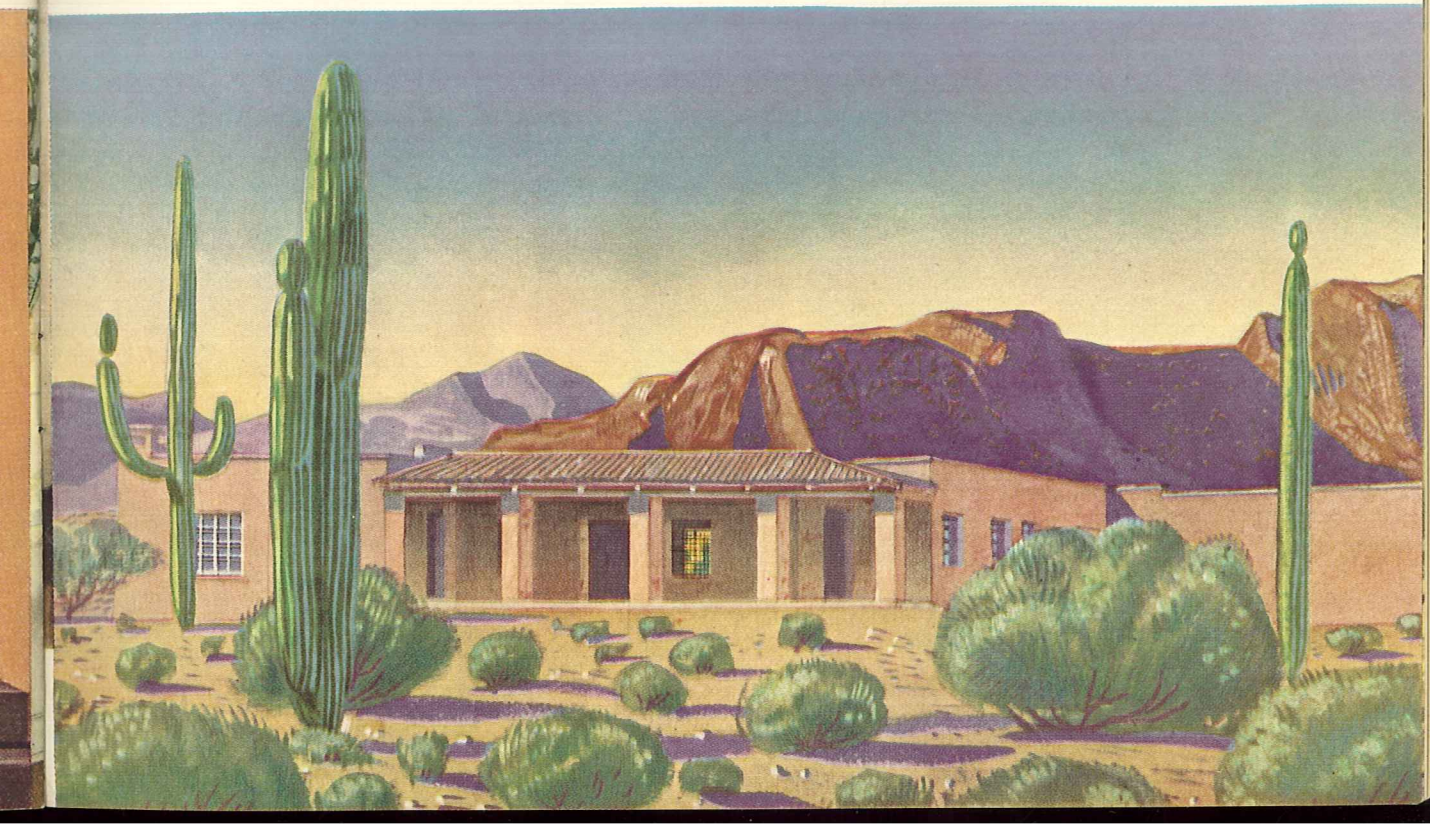
Above Left—Walls: S-W Semi-Lustre Cream Gray. Alcoves: S-W Enameloid Robins Egg (mixture). Ceiling: S-W Semi-Lustre White. Baseboard: S-W Enameloid White. Above Right—Walls: S-W Interior Gloss Jonquil Yellow. Ceiling: S-W Semi-Lustre Cream Gray. Alcove: S-W Semi-Lustre Coral (mix.) let down with White in graduated bands. Trim: S-W Enameloid Pastel Blue. Floor: S-W Floor Enamel Gray Stone. Below Left—Ceiling: S-W Semi-Lustre Silver Gray. Walls: S-W Semi-Lustre Canary Yellow. Floor: S-W Floor Enamel Gray Stone. Below Right—Walls: S-W Flat Tone Terra Cotta. Floor, Steps and Baseboard: S-W Floor Enamel Mahogany.







Above—Roof: S-W Preservative Shingle Stain Thatch Brown. Body: SWP Outside Gloss White. Door and Shutters: S-W Trimbrite Mayfair Green. Porch Ceiling: SWP Blue. Porch Furniture: S-W Enameloid Lettuce Green. Below—Body: S-W Stucco and Concrete Paint Coral Tint. Trim: SWP Outside Gloss White. Door: SWP Trimbrite Spanish Blue and SWP Warm Drab (equal parts).



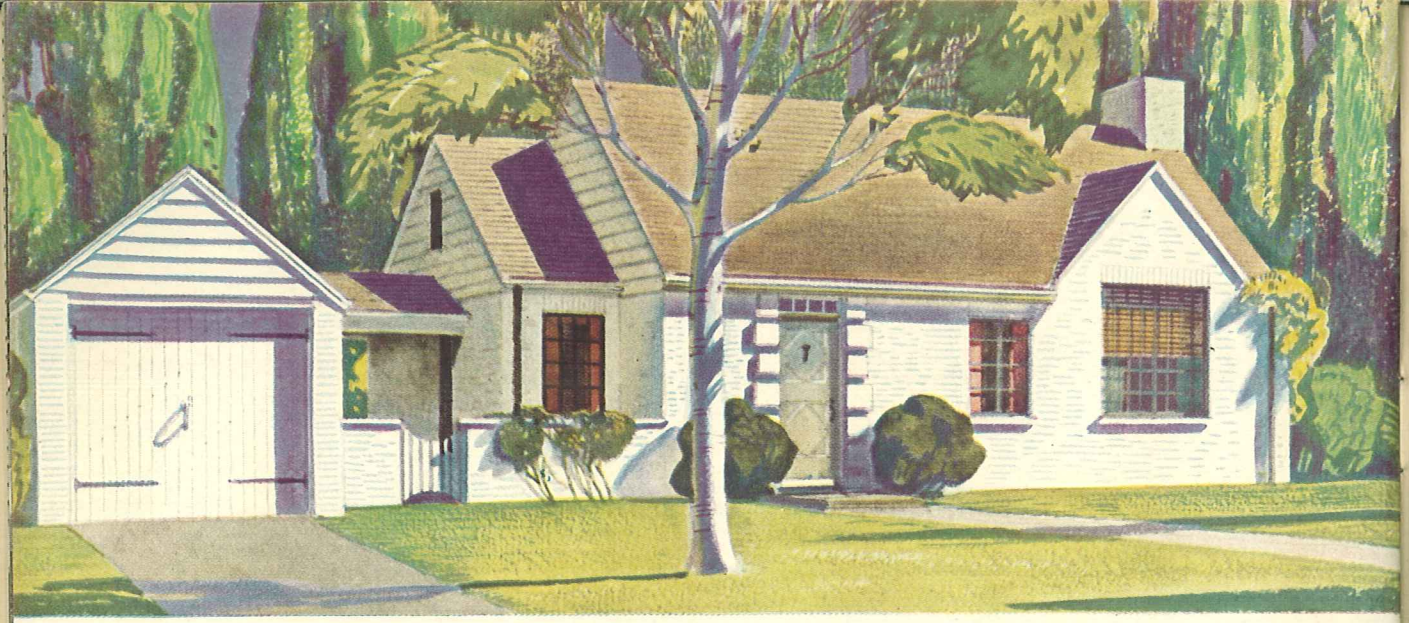


Body: S-W Stucco and Concrete Paint Coral Tint. Trim: SWP Outside Gloss White. Shutters and Door: SWP Blue.



Above—Roof: S-W Preservative Shingle Stain Bright Green. Body: SWP Apple Green. Shutters and Door: SWP Willow Green. Trim: SWP Ivory. Below—Roof: S-W Preservative Shingle Stain Bright Green. Upper Body: SWP White. Lower Body: S-W Stucco and Concrete Paint White. Shutters: SWP Willow Green.





Above—Roof: S-W Preservative Shingle Stain Silver Gray. Upper Body: SWP White. Lower Body: S-W Stucco and Concrete Paint White. Trim: SWP White. Door: SWP Silver Gray. Below—Roof: S-W Preservative Shingle Stain Sienna Brown. Body: SWP White. Shutters: S-W Trimbrite Verdas Green Light. Trim: SWP White.





Enameloid Blue, Lettuce and Yellow

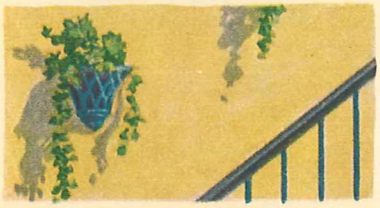
(*Continued From Page 4*)

inches on her land. "Come, move it off", she said. I parted with some cash. And to this day, there, mellowed by time yet hardly changed, and all but hidden by the native alders, stands the little house. One cannot see it and not love it.

In a forgotten corner of New Hampshire where the wilderness has mostly reclaimed what long ago were cultivated fields and cleared pastures, where lilacs in the forest mark the sites of homes, we found a ruined house. The sash were gone from its windows; the long unpainted clapboards were riven, warped, and rotting from neglect; the porch had collapsed; and the floors were littered with the refuse of fallen ceilings. "It's yours to use", its city owner said, "and what you need to fix it up I'll pay for".

We shingled the roofs; we nailed the clapboards back and painted them; we repaired the porch and patched the doors; we stripped the ceilings to their blackened hand-hewn beams—

Vase and rail Enameloid Blue



and left them so; and to regain the light that the black ceilings robbed us of we made the side walls white. Bright curtains at the windows, old auction furniture made new with paint, books on the table, china on the shelves, and flowers everywhere: Kent Family, move in! And in getting up that night to chase the last porcupine from under our bed we were within



S.W.P. Verdas Green

our rights: We'd made that rodents' den a HOME.

Brigus in New Foundland lies on a harbour of Conception Bay. Like all those coastal towns its glory as a thriving port of fishermen had passed. Untenanted and blind, its mansion house faced on an empty harbour and abandoned wharves.

But for the size and dignity of that old house I might have taken it, as one might eagerly assume high rank unmindful of rank's duties. I didn't—and was wise. The old house farther out from town around the bay, being in no degree a mansion, was more inviting to the style of living which I thought our Fifty Dollars a month might comfortably yield the five of



Enameloid Platinum and Chinese Red

us—a style to which, to tell the truth, we were accustomed. The house, they said, had not been lived in for fully twenty years; and, through what weather and bad boys had done, I didn't question it. But it had style. Long, low and narrow it clung to the hillside like an outcropping of the native ledge, or, like a frightened thing, shrank from the perilous edge of the scant terrace upon which it stood until its rear was buried in the hill. Let wind, rain, hail and avalanche of snow beat on this house! They've beaten hard throughout the years; they've torn and shaken it, and seamed its sides. It stands. The house belongs there; it has style.

I scraped and smoothed its weatherbeaten boards, filled them and painted them. Old lilac bushes stood around the house; their background was the bay; lilac and blue, and a green hillside bright with dandelions; and the house — pure white! The doors I painted

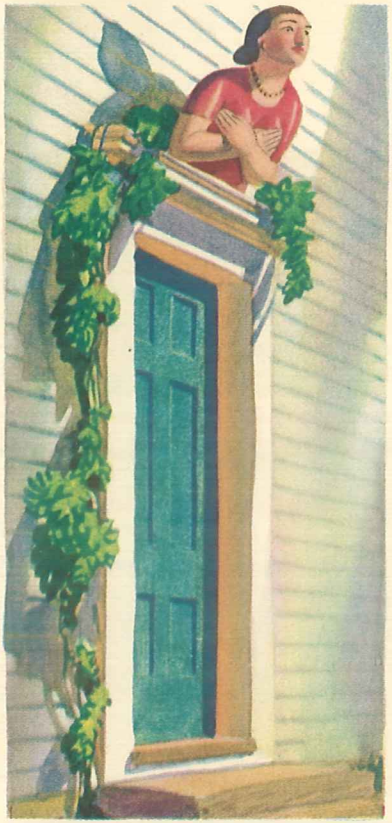
Bed Room in Blue



peacock green—all except one which, for the fun of it, I painted pink. So far, so good.

And then one day I discovered an old ship's figure-head in somebody's back-yard. It was a girl, of course—they mostly are—but quite forlorn, impoverished and unkempt. I couldn't buy her, so I borrowed her. I washed and scraped and sanded her; I painted her skin an ivory white, put roses in her cheeks, made hair and eyebrows black, pencilled her eyes; I hung gold pendants from her ears and a necklace around her throat; I clothed her in splendour. And so that all people should love to come to our house, I put her up over the front door from where she looked out day and night over that sea which had once been her world. Yet my bedizening was her undoing. Years later, going upon some errand into a fashionable antique shop in New York, I saw her once again. She wore the gown, roses, jewels I had given her. She was for sale, and I was poor. She cut me dead.

In "Wilderness" (Do read it! adv.) is told how I went to Alaska with my little son; how we sought a homestead of some sort, and on an island where stood an abandoned goat cabin found it. How we cleaned the cabin, laid a floor, and stuffed the walls—the spaces between logs—with moss. How we made our furniture—and what we made. How, throughout that fall and winter there, we worked to make that place more—always more—be home. And what a home we made! God decorated it—with snow and ice. From the wide eaves he let the



White for ice; Spanish Blue for the sea

water drip and freeze till icicles that touched the drifts curtained the bare windows.

High on a spur of Mt. Equinox, in Vermont, lay a farm that, in allusion to the Biblical land of plenty, had in old days been called Egypt. Egypt we bought. We got: a cave that is one of the wonders of the Northeast, a spring that was like ice in summer and in winter never froze, and a view that lent the weary soul new wings. And we got a house—or what had passed for one. Its cellar walls were heaps of stones, the sills were dust, its ridge hung like a hammock hitched to stars. No more forlorn old shack still habitable ever stood. We lived in it. Let two years pass.

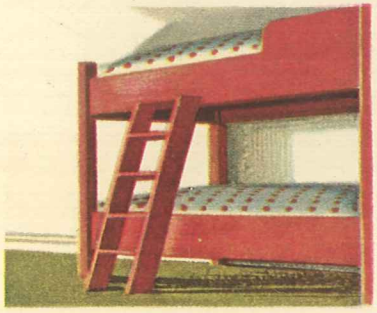
On a smooth green shaded lawn flecked by the sunlight that filters through over-arching maples, stands a house whose type, dotting the hills and valleys of New England, has helped to make that pastoral countryside among the loveliest of the world. It is pure white, this house; its dazzling, sunlit gable deepens the blue sky and enriches the environing green of meadow-land and forest. A simple, honest, unpretentious house, the farm house type, quite unadorned but by—and not without significance — a Georgian motif around the doorway. Welcome, the open door proclaims.

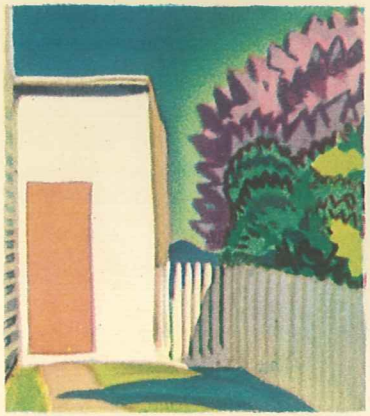
It was clear upon entering that those who lived there had, in fact, little but hospitality to offer. The rooms—those rooms we entered first—were small, the ceilings low; the furniture was in general either obviously home-made or of that nondescript variety that poor relations with small choice fall heir to. Comfortable enough, we ad-

mitted, and no doubt serviceable; but of such assorted periods, or no period at all, as to make it clear that style and fashion had to no degree been followed. Old stuff: but still, what scrubbing brush and mop, bright paint, dull varnish, loving care could do, the people there had done. And it came over us that somehow about that house, in those soft colored, painted rooms warmly lighted by the daylight streaming through bright curtains, was an atmosphere of peace that was sweet to breathe. "Style? Period?" said one of us later; "Doesn't the honest taste of the John Smiths expressed in all they own achieve a homogenity that is as much entitled to be called a style as what a lot of craftsmen happen to have done under some king? John Smith or Louis Quinze: I choose John Smith".

"And now", said John Smith presently, "let me show you what *I* did in this house". And he led us down one step into a large room, clearly a new extension of the older house.

Enameloid Flame Red





An S.W.P. Spanish Orange Door

There was a fireplace in the center of a long wall, and windows were on three sides. "No, I didn't do that", said Smith as we stared out southwards at the view. We turned, he pointed up. "That ceiling; I cut the oaks for the timbers right here on the place, hewed them myself with a broad ax. That second big timber there: It was in August and hot. I was stripped naked to my drawers. When the tree fell I saw there was a wasp's nest up in the top branches, for they'd all come out and were flying around. I went off for a way and waited for them to settle down again. Sure enough, they did. So, thinking it would be safe to lop the lower limbs I took a last look at the nest, and seeing that all was quiet raised my ax and struck. The wasps, thick as a cloud, swarmed out. It didn't take them long to locate me—nor me to start. I raced through tangled underbrush, I tacked, I veered, I leapt over fallen trees, I picked the densest thickets and plunged into them and through and on again. Yes, I got home. It was a dead heat between the leading wasps and me. But they weren't as tired as I was; they had picked up a ride".

Yes, John Smith loved his home. It must be grand to live among such memories!

Glenlough, Meenacroos, P. O., Glencolumcille, County Donegal, Ireland: That's a long address for one little three room peasant house all but lost in the vast environment of moorland. "It is the last place along the coast", they told us. So on foot, over the thousand foot headlands, through bog and riven turf, we went; and standing at last on the rim of the wide valley of Glenlough sought with our eyes—and found—the little speck of white that was the solitary cottage. Long before we had completed our arduous descent Dan Ward and Mary saw us; and as we made our way across the meadow flat they came out-doors and stood to welcome us, two strangers.





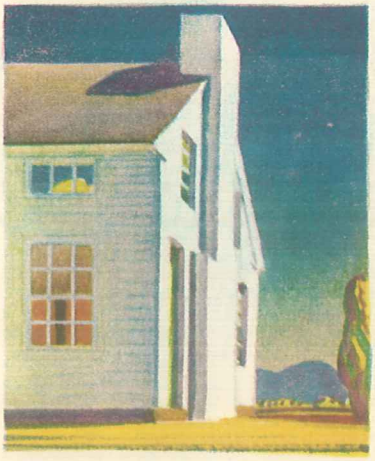
Enameloid Blue

"Surely, you couldn't live in that!" said Dan as we peered into the dark one room ruin of a neighboring stone cottage that served him as a barn for his one cow. It was with almost shame I said we could. So after arranging to have the place cleaned out, to have a cement floor laid, the walls plastered, a window sash put in, a sort of fireplace contrived, and the roof rethatched, we left for Dublin.

It was of course pouring rain when, ten days later, we returned. The house was ready for us and the lumber that we had ordered for furniture was piled inside. I went to work. Before bedtime I had made a bedstead and a table. Next day I made a cupboard. Then I built a half round table into the deep reveal of the little window. Then some stools, and an easy chair. That was enough: the 10 x 12 ft. house was full. While I painted the countryside and the sea, my wife painted the room. She made the walls pure white—for it was dark in there; and the furniture she painted with bright colors. And when she had made the curtains for the window and the cupboard, and a coverlet for the bed, the room was so altogether charming that in time it became in a mild way a place of pilgrimage for the people of the countryside. "We've come to see the little house" they'd say. And the

Enameloid Apricot

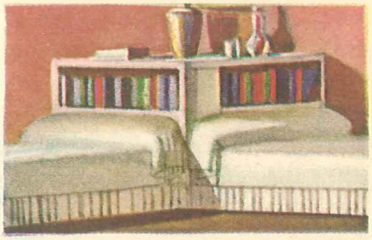




"Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and the "Isn't it lovely!" that we heard filled our hearts with pride.

There we lived happily for five months, and might, but for one good reason or another, have been living to this day.

One day at tea time in our cottage, Dan Ward took his pipe from his mouth and asked: "Did you ever hear tell of a man called by the name of Prince Char-les?". "Yes", said we. "Well", continued Dan, " 'tis said he lived right here in this very house for twelve month and a day. And then a big French ship came for him and he went away in it." * * * Oh Prince Charlie, poor hunted wanderer that wanted to be king! Take it from one who has slept in the bed of the King of Bulgaria: You'd have been wise had you made this hiding place your last; had you here in this quiet Glen taken a lovely Irish girl to be your wife; had you built yourselves a bedstead, a cupboard, an easy chair and stools, and a round table in the little window that looks out over the sea; had you bought her pretty calico for curtains, and bright china for her shelves; and for the walls, the floor, the furniture, for beauty in the home and peace to your good souls bought Sherwin-Williams paint — then, Charlie, would you have lived a better life, and—like this story—come to a good end.—*Rockwell Kent*



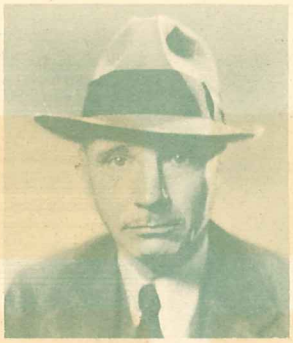
Flat-tone Coral Rose — Enameloid White

White set in red and yellow





A PAINT PRIMER



ROCKWELL KENT

Rockwell Kent was born at the quiet Hudson river village of Pocantico Hills, New York, fifty six years ago. Since his school days—he studied art and architecture at Columbia University—his has been one of the fullest and most adventuresome of American lives. His paintings hang in the leading museums of the world. His wood cuts and lithographs are proud possessions of rich and poor alike. His books, are classics.

He is an architect, an artist, an author and, probably most proudly, a carpenter. He is a famed traveller and an authority on Cape Horn, Greenland, and Alaska. He is truly that rarity, an "all around man." Up at Ausable Forks, New York, he lives in a simple white house. It seems to be just the house all of the experiences he so delightfully describes in "As You Make Your Bed" would lead him to build. Of all his work, this house (Page 20) is the best. That is as it should be.

Painting is fun—every can of paint you use adds to the joy of living in your house.

For the big jobs be sure to consult a reliable painting contractor — it pays.

For the little jobs you do, be sure to look at the instructions on the label on the can.

You'll save money by thinning the paint according to the suggestions on the can.

Stir the paint *thoroughly*.

Before you apply the paint see that the surface is clean and dry.

A great deal of the beauty of your paint job depends on the brush you use. We will help you select the right one.

Two light coats of paint are always better than one heavy coat.

If the surface has never been painted before, ask us for the proper undercoat to use.

If you're going to put on more than one coat, let each coat dry before you start with the next.

Avoid using strong colors such as bright reds, orange, bright greens, on large surfaces.

Keep in mind that color affects lighting. Light colors reflect more light than darker colors.

Flat finishes are best suited to the larger wall areas.

Do not use a flat coat directly over a glossy finish.

Gloss, especially high gloss, finishes are usually best for floors, woodwork, furniture.

Semi-Lustre finishes, halfway between flat and gloss, are equally effective on walls and woodwork. They are ideal for kitchens and bathrooms.

Now you don't have to delay painting that you know should be done. Because Sherwin-Williams offers you a Budget Payment Plan that makes it possible for you to paint right now and pay for the whole thing, labor included, in either 12 or 18 easy monthly payments. You pay nothing down, the first payment is not due until 30 days after the job is completed. We will gladly explain and handle the simple details for you.

SW
COVER THE EARTH
AFRICA
EUROPE
Trade Mark Registered
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SWP HOUSE PAINT



Apple Green

Ivory



Willow Green

Cream



French Cr. Green M.



Canary Yellow



Pearl Gray



Colonial Yellow



Light Lead



Straw



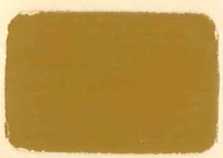
Slate



Golden Yellow



Tobacco Brown



Golden Brown



Rich Maroon

Also Outside Gloss White, Black and 13 other colors.

S-W STUCCO and CONCRETE PAINT



Canary Yellow



Cream



Tan



Sea Green



Cream Gray



Gray



Coral Tint

Also White, and Terra Cotta.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PORCH and DECK PAINT



Neutral Brown



Dark Slate



Lead Color

Also Gray Stone, Gray, Tile Red.

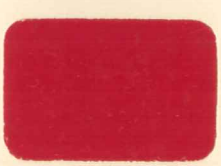
S-W TRIMBRITE COLORS



Verdas Green Light



Spanish Blue



Cardinal Red

Also Spanish Orange, Verdas Green Dark.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FLOOR ENAMEL



Light Oak



Tile Red



Slate



Gray Stone

Also Oak, Lt. Tan, Mahogany Dk., Gray, Dust, Walnut Brown.

S-W FLO-LAC *varnish stain*



Dark Oak



Walnut

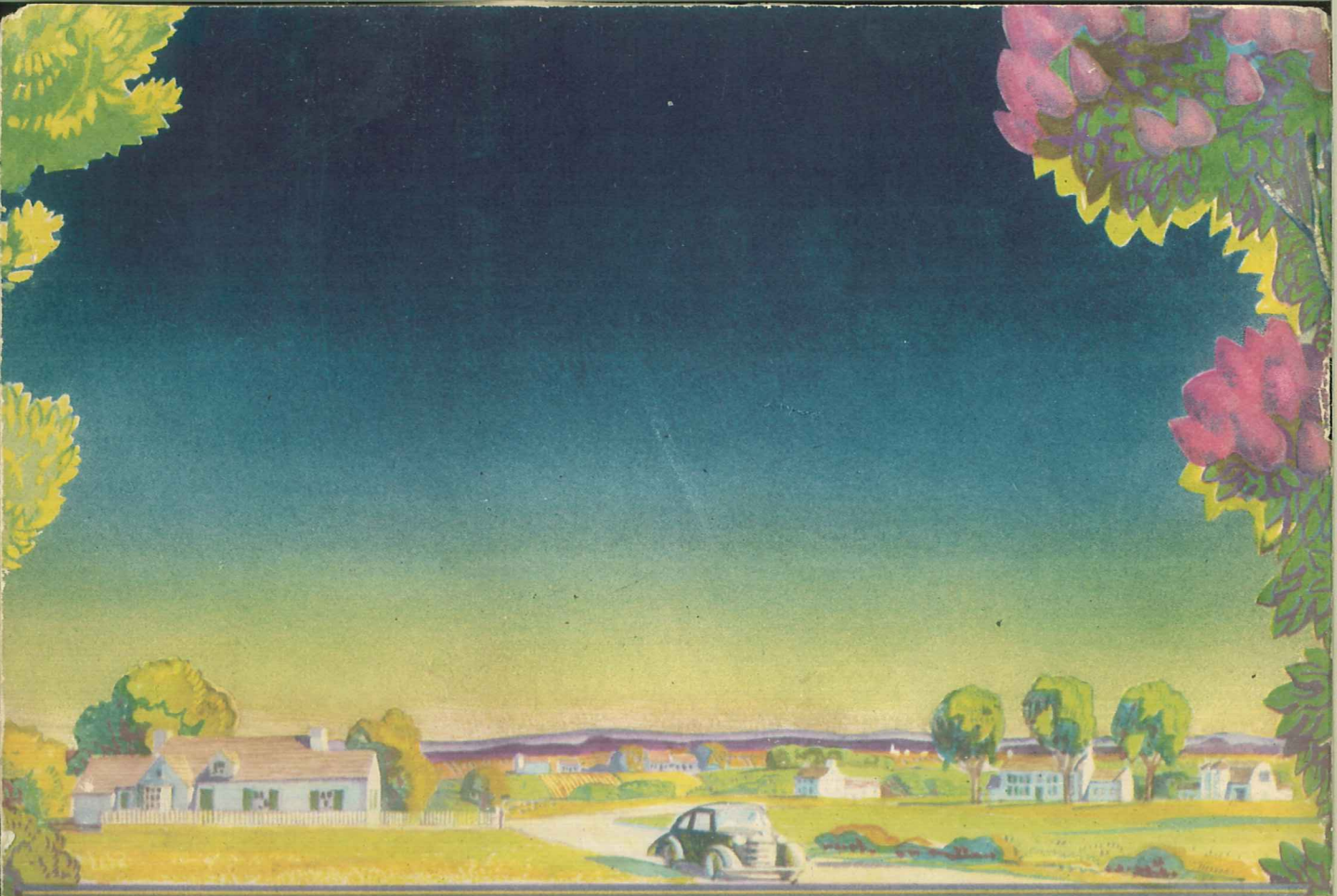


Extra Dk. Mahogany

Also Light Oak, Golden Oak, Mahogany,

Above are only a few of the many colors available — ask for complete color cards.





PRESENTED TO YOU WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

SPRINGFIELD BRANCH

512 E. Monroe — Phones Main 958 and 959

Complete facilities for servicing the home owner

Purchases can also be made from the following Authorized S-W Dealers

Baker Lumber Co.
218 E. Jefferson
Phone Main 98

Schmidt Bros. Hdwe. Co.
1210 E. Laurel St.
Phone Main 626

COVER THE EARTH
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

PHONE US . . . WE DELIVER